Testing New Limits

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by anabridge

Summary

Hannibal decides to try something new with a very eager Will.

Notes

Hope you enjoy! You can find more Hannigram smut on my Twitter @hannabitchwill

Will can't remember how long Hannibal has been teasing him. When he first woke Hannibal with some lazy kisses, he didn't expect that he'd spend the entire morning begging to come.

Hannibal had started with two fingers. Will was already loose from last night, and they sank in easily. Will sighed. He always felt a sense of calm with his lover inside him. Hannibal, kneeling between Will's spread legs, had looked down approvingly. "You stretch so beautifully."

Will had blushed. He had learned that this was Hannibal's favorite position. This way, he could see Will's rim stretched tight around his fingers. Hannibal was obsessed with the sounds Will made, especially when Hannibal slid in a third finger to brush against his prostate.

"Hands" Hannibal commanded. Will instantly stretched both arms above his head and grabbed their favorite rope with his lips. Hannibal was skilled in this next task. With one of his hands still nestled between Will's legs, he used only his mouth to pull the rope from Will's lips.

After placing a brief kiss on Will's red lips around the rope, Hannibal used his other hand to circle the rope around Will's wrists. He then fastened the rope tightly using his teeth. Will looked beautiful like this. Panting, squirming, and pushing back against his hand.

That must have been more than an hour ago. Three fingers became four, and now Hannibal alternated between pushing into Will with his fingers or his cock. His pace was unrelenting. Each thrust brushed his prostate and Will's tip leaked against his own stomach.

Will's voice was hoarse. He had asked nicely so many times for his release. He tried again, "Please Hannibal, please, just let me come. You can keep fucking me after."

"Not yet" Hannibal replied. And once again, he reached down to squeeze gently against the base of Will's cock.

Every time Will got close, Hannibal would squeeze to stave off his orgasm. When Will's cock began to soften, Hannibal would briskly stroke his length to ensure he stayed hard and leaking.

What annoyed Will the most was that Hannibal looked unfazed, as though he could be painting or playing the theremin. While Will lied there, pushing against the rope holding his arms together and panting, Hannibal just continued to thrust without so much as breaking a sweat.

"How much more do you think you can take?" Hannibal asked as he a teased finger alongside his cock.

"I - I don't know. Just... just let me come." Will writhed under him even harder. Now, Hannibal had two fingers stroking his inner muscles that were nestled tightly next to his cock.

Hannibal abruptly pulled out. He came with a harsh breath over Will's loose hole, painting Will and his fingers with his come. The man had an incredible sense of rhythm. Even while he was dripping the remainder of his release, Hannibal continued to thrust his fingers into Will.

But now that Hannibal's hands were both busy, Will felt the rush of his orgasm return. Right before he could release, Hannibal tightly grasped the base of his cock and tsked, "You will not come. Not until I say so."

The combination of Hannibal's come and the generous amount of lube made the squelching sound of Hannibal's fingers the loudest sound in the room.

"You take everything I give you so wonderfully, dear. Why not take my hand as well?" he asked with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Will's eyes met Hannibal's. "You don't need to ask, Hannibal. I'm yours to take."

Hannibal smiled brightly as he drizzled some lube over his hand and thumb and tightly clenched his fingers together. He eased his way inside Will gently and slowly.

Although Will hadn't been stretched to this extent before, he trusted Hannibal not to tear him. After all, Hannibal seemed to know Will's limits better than he did. It was painful, but Will adjusted quickly.

Finally, Hannibal released the base of Will's cock and began to stroke with firm intent. At the same time, Hannibal's hand nestled deep inside him with a final push.

"Oh god. I can't believe it fits." Will moaned. The pain was now a dull ache.

Hannibal continued to thrust his hand in and out. Will panted. The combination of his fist and stroking hand were driving him crazy. Will glanced up at Hannibal, whose eyes were glued to the way Will's rim stretched so tightly around his wrist. The man had a fetish.

Hannibal's eyes locked onto Will's. "Now," he commanded.

Will's eyes rolled back into his head as he spurted between them. Finally, being granted permission to release after resisting for so long was such a relief.

The pressure of Hannibal's entire hand pushed against his prostate with each thrust and Will came more than he ever had before. "Oh my god!" Will's legs around Hannibal's back began to shake as his orgasm continued.

Hannibal's fist kept thrusting, pushing into his oversensitive hole just until the minute Will was about to scream for him to stop. Hannibal always knew how to push Will in exactly the right way, and knew when to stop.

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